

July 5, 1918.

Dearest Sweetheart and Folks,

Generals are not the only people who live in chateaus. I am now residing in one that is the quaintest, oldest most beautiful sort of place you can imagine. It is the headquarters of the chaplains of the A.E.F. There is a regularly organized corps of chaplains over here under the head of Bishop Brent of the Episcopal Church. He is a fine man indeed. The idea of the place is to have somewhere where we can stay until we are assigned, to have a place where we can leave superfluous baggage and to which we can come for vacations etc. We may say that this is all near to the Headquarters of the A.E.F. I saw the chateau where General Pershing lives, and will doubtless see him before I leave. (He will doubtless be pleased to see me!) Most of the boys who were at Louisville are here. The country around here is beautiful. It looks like Delaware County. The air and sky are great, and the weather cool.

We arrived here yesterday. The place is out in the country away from town. It is one of those old feudal arrangements, where the little farmers houses cluster around the outskirts of the Manor house grounds. One house is called the "Mairie" where the superintendent used to live I imagine. The chateau is a great big white Norman towered place. There is one entrance in front on the level of the ground. A great stone staircase winds around up into the two upper stories. There is an iron rail on this. Right at the foot of the stairs is the door to the dining room. This is the choicest room of the place. It is also on the level of the ground, perhaps a foot below it. It must be thirty feet long and twelve wide or more. At one end is the fireplace about six feet high and eight broad. Above it is a gorgeous marble mantelpiece, and crowning it a monstrous boar's head. Just now this is decorated with the American flag flanked by two French flags, which are very beautiful. The wall covering is a very dark red. I have not yet discovered whether it is paper or tapestry. All the woodwork is a dark oak, dark with the wear of years and not with stain or polish. Twenty four of us sat down last night to dine. There are only two windows in the room, one of which is heavily barred with iron. This corner of the house is flanked by the Norman round tower, with its narrow loop hole near the top. Along one side is the long oak cupboard. Once I live among that perfusion of food that I have always admired. You see piles of food around. The reason is not the luxury but the number of us who eat. We eat in shifts of twenty four each. I of course am in the first, with Bishop Brent and the highbrows. McCormick and Allen are among us too. One section of this cupboard is a door that leads down somewhere dark. I have no idea where. Probably the cellar. We sat down about seven thirty last evening to dinner. Before we were through they had to bring in three beautiful tall candlesticks for light. That and a few old fashioned lamps is all the light there is.

The dinner deserves a new paragraph. Over here everything is a course by itself. Last evening the first was shrimps!!! (the regular little pink curly ones like we had in Princeton) with some grand mayonnaise sort of stuff on them. There is quantities of everything. You can heap up the dressing on them. It was fine. Then there was a fine soup I think, with white bread which only the army gets here. Everybody else gets the war bread, which would make you folks who think you are eating war bread (as you call it) think you had really gone to war. It is fine tasting however and only a bit darker than that we had at home. Then came some beautiful asparagus with hollandaise sauce. French fried potatoes, and my, they were good. Wonderful newly killed, I saw it done, chicken was the piece de resistance. It was all brewed up with sauce or heavy gravy, and was delicious. After that for desert there was quartered oranges and a custard sauce, and angel food cake. What do you think of that for just dinner! At last came the coffee in glasses. We have plenty of everything in the army, but

outside there is a lack of butter and such things.

I expect we will be here over Sunday or longer. I hope you got the cablegram I sent off. McCormick was in command of a censor stamp and asked Allen and I if we did not want to drop a word. I took the chance because I always will whenever there is a chance to let you get a bit of immediate word of my welfare. It was not expensive. I think it cost only a bit over three dollars, which was very reasonable, because they count all the words in the address. It might be a good thing for you to get a code address registered with the War Department. Evans has one, which his family uses. They have three sons over here now. It is just one word, and allows one to send considerable more in the message. Soon I hope to be able to send you a definite address. The mail you have been sending has been coming along all right, under the one I gave you. Just keep on writing.

One thing about the place is the quaint old parish church, which I understand goes back to the 1400 days. It has just always belonged to this locality. It has a beautiful which reminds me of one of the church bells in Delhi. It has a clock of course, and that strikes every hour. The Angelus rings periodically. King told me the words that go with those three times three rings that we have always noticed about the ringing at morning, noon and night. It is a very beautiful thing. Of course the part about Mary does not appeal to us much, but surely most of it could be made the prayer of every Christian. I am looking now for a beautiful little chalice to use in the communion. There is no use talking the Catholics have it on us when it comes to administering their services. In the hurly burly of war men grasp at the most palpable and striking religious thing they can find. They prepare to even watch a mass than hear a harange such as many of our liberal minded preachers have been giving as a religious service. The innate goodness of human nature is an exploded notion over here. I had an interesting comment on that the other day. We have with us a Congregationalist minister chaplain, from Minneapolis. He is a Michigan man by the name of Harry Deiman. He is about 38 years old I guess. He is a well read and educated chap. He has a large number of college professors in his congregation. He has dipped into psychology, and gotten a tincture of the modern notion about things. Riding along with him on top of a truck load of our luggage the other day I was interested in his remark, that he was coming to believe that men did not want to hear intellectual lectures, or unlifting things, but wanted and needed the old fashioned Gospel of regeneration. I remarked that the Gospel was primarily revolutionary and not cultural, and he said. You are right. I think that is about what many are coming to.

MacFarland, of the Federal Council of Churches is due here today. He is considered a joke. He brings a message to the Boy Scouts of France!! What do you think of that for a grown man to do. Moody is here partly in charge of this chaplain corps business. I have not talked much with him yet. General Pershing is right behind the chaplains, and they are going to get a hearing such as they have never had before. They are practically General Staff officers. We wear the cross on the shoulder where the bars were, and wear no rank marks at all. The result here is that majors and lt. colonels salute us before we salute them!!! which is going some. That happened this morning to us as we were walking along. It is only a tribute to religion and the chaplain's work. Forty percent of the chaplains now with troops in active fighting have the war cross. But only one chaplain has been killed. So you see the danger is not excessive.

I feel that I will be taken care of and brought back to you safe and sound. D.V. I certainly am safe enough now, and have been very wonderfully taken care of so far. Over here we live from day to day. Nothing that I have seen would hardly suggest a war. I have seen a few wounded men, but they were all convalescents or fully well. Medals of honor are thicker than pennies here. The only hard part so far, is missing you from all the interesting things I have seen, things that will all be here, and where we can see them again some day. D.V. This chateau is one of the places I want to bring you. McCormick and Evans asked me to-day if we would go with them and their

wives to England after the war for a year while we studied. Bryan has a scholarship too. They evidently intend to get married as soon as the war is over. Allen sent a cablegram of "love" to-day to one Eliabeth Hollaway in Louisville! Evidently he found Louisville and its girls too many for him. He wanted me to send you his love which I do with pleasure, for he is a fine fellow.

The roses in this country are wonderful. They are climbing over the garden wall of this old place right in frnt of me as I write. There are great big trees, that remind me of Cherry Hill. This is not more beautiful than that place, only much older. There is quite a bit of quaint old furniture. It does not appeal to me much for a possession. I have seen a few old things that J wanted to buy for our house, but I restrained myself. I did send you a book of the poems of Botrel, which I thought you would enjoy. I did not have a chance to read any of them, but I looked through the book and saw what it was, and knew you would enjoy it, because you have followed his career with so much interest. Some of the poems have music I saw. Try them over on the piano. I may go up to Don's outfit which is away off back of things in camp. I understand I may go there if I want to, although I am not sure. The idea of this corps and the work of Bishop Brent is to get the different men where they want to be, and where they will be most useful. After a while, I suppose the best way to get me transferred back to the states will be to work through Brent. Everybody here is doing all they can, and I do not want to seem to slide out from under responsibilities that properly belong to me. But you may be sure I will not forget where I live, and will be heading there as soon as may be. The only way to end it is by beating up the Fritzes.

But you must not worry about me. You can see by the experiences up to date that really it is not as bad as you feared! I got safely over the ocean, and have been as safe here so far as I ever was in Delhi. Safety does not depend so much on where you are as on Who is taking care of you. If God sees sparrows fall, He certainly watches me. That miserable old song is very true, about ~~the~~ 'His eye is on the sparrow and I know He watches me.' I like the sentiment but not the tune. Your letters, full of cheerfulness, will relieve me from all my worries. The time will fly, and be full of busy days. When it is over and we have done our share we can feel justified in sitting down a spell and resting. The thought of the unalloyed comfort I will take in just staying at home for a while after this is through with is a source of great comfort. I do not think I should ever have been contented to have just taken up some church work this summer. I am not contented now in the sense that I wish I were home and all that, but it is not so bitter a discontent as the feeling that you OUGHT to be somewhere else doing some disagreeable work. By some plan of God's the war came in my age, and there is nothing for me to do but take my part. There will not be another, in this day and generation I do not believe. The folks here certainly are tired of it.

I still have not been able to find any choice lace. I think I shall be able to locate it before long. I hope before long you will begin to get the money from the Depot Quartermaster. It may take a little while. It was not due you until July first last. If there is great delay you might write to that worthy at Washington D.C. and inquire. I enclose a copy of the paper I sent in. I put in two years not because I expected to be away that long but because it was the best round number and insures a steady flow of coin in case it should be longer than some months.

*All of us had communion here this morning (July.). Bishop
Brent officiated. It was very wonderful. I wished for you or to be
there with you -*
Louisa
Stewart

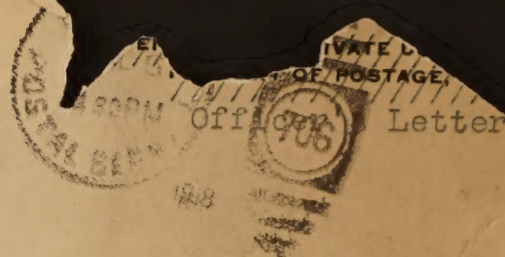
WAR DEPARTMENT

S.M. Robinson, Chaplain

N.A., A.E.F., unassigned.
via New York

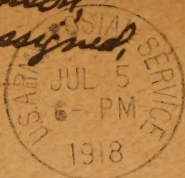
OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

Mrs. Stewart MacMaster Robinson,
Delhi, Delaware County,
New York.
U S A



No 11. July 5, 1918
rec'd Aug 5, 1918

Chaplain J. M. Robinson,
N. A., A. E. F., unassigned,
via New York.



AMERICAN



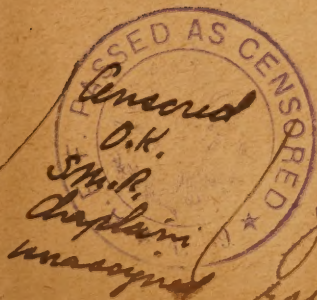
Officers
Letter
MAIL

Mrs. Stewart MacMaster Robinson,
Delhi,

Delaware County,

New York.

U. S. A.



July 3rd.
recd. Aug 6, 1918.



July 3 1948

Dearest Sweetheart,

Still safe and sound and still having a wonderful time. We have been on the move lately and as I rode along on the train it seemed almost like riding from Walton up to Syracuse. The country looked wonderfully like that.

We reached this city where I am writing about noon today. We have been over in its beautiful cathedral just now. It is indeed a wonderful place. It dates back almost to 400 A.D. The windows are perfectly gorgeous. The canons were chanting Vespers as we went in. We had King along. He is great to go with into cathedrals and such. He knows things French and things ecclesiastic both. Jeanne d'Arc

once came to this cathedral on one of her many journeys about the country. The carving is marvellous in its detail and difficulty. We went through with about a dozen English boys who were 2nd Lt. in the British Air Service. They were a splendid looking lot and seemingly could not have been over 18 years of age.

At the local station of the Am. Red Cross they had quite a company of refugees mending socks. They must have had hundreds of pairs there. They had all been cleaned and only needed to have the holes mended.

I ran across a 1915 man from Princeton not 10 minutes after I alighted from the train and had dinner with

another in another city yesterday. It was funny, I had occasion to talk over the phone to this Capt. Kennedy and then later to call at his office. You can imagine my surprise to see old Jim Kennedy behind the desk as big as life. He paid me this compliment. He said when he hung up the receiver after talking to me (not realizing of course who it was) that he remarked to a Harvard '15 man who ~~is~~ is a 2 Lt. in the office, that he had never talked to such a business-like and efficient chaplain. "Of course," said he, "when I find that you are a 1915'er I understand why it was so." He asked me to din at the local officers' club and I added Allen Evans & he asked this

Harvard boy who, by the way, cored
the crew there.

At dinner today I found a
Terrace Club boy from 1917 Phillips.
So it is over here. Everybody is here
somewhere and I suppose I shall
keep on seeing them. The y.m. has
here a splendid officers club where
I am now. This institution has its
place and does contribute its part.

They are putting up flags
around town for tomorrow which
helps make it hard to realize
that I am not in the U.S.A. I have
had exceptionnally fine food
on the whole which has cost
less than it would have at
home. Don't worry about me, dearie.
I am as fine as could be. The whole
thing so far has been ideal. The ocean
was flat, not but one little shower
since I left New York, not too hot or
too cold, just right. I have seen



all kinds of interesting sights. Have seen a good many German prisoners doing various sorts of manual labor. They all looked decidedly contented with their lot, which was no harder than that of one of Belh's toilers. Jimmie Kemp looks much the worse for wear than they do.

Now, my Sweetheart. I hope and pray you are well and happy. I think these days must be harder for you than for me. I am as safe and healthier than I was back home. We are all hoping that things may wind up before long. I have a feeling that D.V. I'll be getting back by the time we want to be together. That, of course, is as soon as may be. There are all kinds of things

that may turn up to bring me back. It is possible that after some experience here they will want to transfer me back to the States to be with some new organization just formed.

If Burr Fox has any way of pushing that through he may go ahead as fast as he can. I think as many ministers as may be should be sent over in this work and then as rapidly as is convenient & expedient returned. They have a greater chance than others, both of seeing the true perspective while here and of presenting it when they return. It does not want to be too short a trip here nor yet one too long.

There will be ever so much to tell when I get back to you

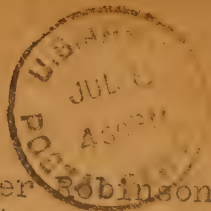
Dear Aunt. S.V. that will not be so very far hence.

I expect you are as busy as a bee these days. It does not seem possible that I have done all this travelling within a month's time. But the stars look familiar overhead every night. I look for begonia, the dippers, and the rest that you see from the porch at home. I hope my letters got to you all right. I was afraid they might get wet!!

Dear Folks - I am sending all the news to you too and loads of love. Dearie - keep up your courage - pray & keep pink & happy. All will be well & we shall be very happy - S.V.

I love you.
Stewart

Assigned
A.E.F. France
via. New York.



Mrs. Stewart MacMaster Robinson,
Delhi, Delaware County,
New York.
U S A

OR
Mrs. Robinson
unmarked

No 12. July 7th
rec'd Aug 5th 1918

July 7, 1918.

Dearest Ones at Home,

Still in this delightful old chateau. I expect we shall be here until Tuesday. (This is Sunday) A lot of the boys went off yesterday to their assignments. You will be glad to hear that in all probability I shall be assigned to the Camp Dix bunch. I'll get to our old friend General Hugh L. Scott after all. Just what the dear Princeton ladies wanted to do for us so you could stay in Princeton. They did not know that they were all to be leaving soon. I believe I am to go in particular to the headquarters regiment. This is the choice appointment in the whole division. I will be the chaplain to the staff, as it were, and all the orderlies and myriad other groups who have to do with running things. It will be a kind of scattered work, but very delightful. Chaplain Moody has the assigning of the boys, and asked Allen Evans about me, and Allen said I was a good guy and had to have a good place. Some of the boys are going to regular army regiments where there was no chaplain. Allen is one of such. Those regiments are nearer the front. I presume the bunch I am to join are away off in some training camp. In fact I am sure they are. So you need not worry about me. The only difference between being here and at Dix is that here is wonderfully cool and beautiful, while at Dix it is hot and dusty and altogether disagreeable. Of course you folks are nearer Dix, but I should much prefer having Anne MacGregor at Delhi than trying to live near Camp Dix in those miserable little towns. I do miss her and you all, because everything here is so pretty and interesting. This chateau is surrounded by a little town. We stood in the doorways of some of the houses last evening asking for cheese and talking generally with the people. There are only a couple or so of rooms, they cook over a great open fire with a crane, or on a funny little stove. It gets dusk here about nine thirty, and as we walked home, we could see them through the open doors gathered around their tables eating supper, with only the light of the fire, or of a lamp or tallow dip. There is some beautiful old furniture in almost all these houses. The rush bottom chairs have quite taken my fancy.

There were three pretty little girls playing around last evening. Their names were Madelaine, Clotilde, and Lucienne. Aren't those quaint and old sounding, names of some of the old queens of France? We met a man and his wife in the little inn. She was a peach, Allen spotted her out in the garden. She came in after a while with a great big old blue bowl of strawberries. They were immense specimens. Her husband is an officer in the army, but was gassed at Verdun, and is now being used as a food inspector in this neighborhood. They have a fine farm, and own an apartment in Paris. After the war they want to come to the States to live. One of the three of us there was from Missouri and got them tremendously interested in his account of the great farms out his way. I drew a map of the U.S. and showed them all the points of interest. The lady has been some time in England and spoke some English, and we some French so we made good time. They are evidently folks of some substance. They were certainly a good looking couple. They have asked us to come over to-morrow to see them. They were going out this afternoon to hunt a boar and said if we dropped in we should have a fine supper. I believe it. They live pretty well here in spite of the war. They seem to know how to use a lot of things that we do not cook, or else they cook and put stuff together which we would call scraps and make a good meal of it. Like Fieldmouseface used to do in Princeton with her wonderful casseroles! Most everything here is cooked in them. They are always piping hot and tasty, but nobody knows what they are made of.

The only thing now is for you folks to see this country. I have been over quite a bit of it already. I went to mass today up in the little church which is only a couple of hundred feet from the chateau. The cure lives in the neighboring village, because the regular cure is at the front. He is a funny little man. He wears a shovel hat and long black garb and looks for

all the world like the old prints.

Just now there is sounding the hunting horn just outside the walls. I guess some of our neighbors are going hunting. The sound of the horn is quite thrilling, not at all like a bugle, but it has quite a jolly and festive sound. I have read about so many of these old customs and ways of doing things, that to see them makes it seem somehow as if it was all put on to simulate the olden ways. Fieldmouseface, you and I would certainly have a great time roaming around this land. The war has not touched all of it, and my guess is that all it does will be to enhance great sections for the tourist. I feel now like a very lucky tourist who somehow has obtained a pass to travel first class all over and see it all and draw a salary for my pains. I had more luxury in the way of a train ride coming from the city where I was last week to this town than I ever had in my life, and it was all furnished by Uncle Sam. Yesterday I drew seven cents per mile for another five hundred mile jaunt. In other words my ticket cost me twenty francs and the Government paid me two hundred and fifteen francs for making the trip. It pays 7 per and the French Government furnishes military tickets at prices much below the normal tariffs, so Stowie gets the advantage both ways.

I have heard less about the war since I arrived than I ever have before. What I learn is out of the A.E.F. editions of the New York Herald that is published here. We get the Morning Herald with the same news in you folks back home read. Only here sometimes we miss the paper and get no news. The London papers and Paris papers drop in also. There is a rumor that Mexico has declared war on us but nothing official. The most interesting thing is to meet your own neighbors here. I was lost one morning on the streets of xxxxx and stopped one of our Military Police to ask him. As usual I also asked him where he hailed from. He said Philadelphia, and in particular from 49th and Woodland!!! Can you beat it. On the train day before yesterday there was a boy who said he did not live in Philadelphia, but knew a girl there. She lived at 3622 Spring Garden Street. As I told you, one of the sailors, named Scott on the ship lived at 3312 Powelton Ave. He may drop in to see you sometime. Give him a warm welcome, please. He is Catholic, but a very nice fellow. I expect I will find a lot of the Delhi boys where I expect to go shortly, and Don, and possibly Ed Harris, Purves et al. That would be a treat. I wish Charlie Swing had come over now. He would be there.

The rooms in this house are high like those on Cherry Hill. I am reminded a dozen times a day of our place. The trees are tall, the air and smells are just the same. This morning Allen and I went out for a walk over the crest of the hill behind us to look over the ~~MMMM~~ valley. (~~MMMM~~ is a long river) The church bells began to ring, there were three of us at home, and they certainly sounded almost the same. If you will send me to regimental addresses of boys whom you know, as I have the chance, I will look for them.

I am scheduled to speak down in town tonight at the Y.M. I am going to talk on Matt. 6:34. I have it allready now. Bishop Brent has just come over from General Pershing's chateau in one of the big Headquarters limousines. I will gather myself around and hear what wise words I can from him.

*Added on I John
5:12, 13, 14 instead*

hords of love

I love you my Sweetheart -

I love you

Stewart.



Mrs. Stewart M. Robinson,
Delhi, Delaware County,
New York.

Box #632.

Chaplain S. M.
Robinson A. E. F.
via New York

Officers
Letter



Mrs. Stewart M. Robinson
Delhi

Delaware County,
New York
U. S. A.

Box 632

On the Atlantic, en route to
a United States Port,
July 10, 1918.

Mrs. Stewart M. Robinson,
Delhi, New York;
My dear Mrs. Robinson:-

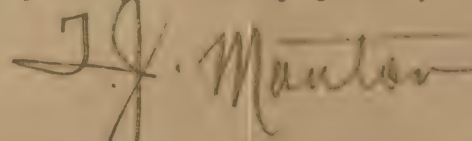
Possibly you will remember me as one of your husband's associates, and, I hope, one of his friends, at the memorable Training School for Chaplains and Approved Chaplain Candidates, upon completion of which I was assigned to a transport for duty.

While on shore leave in a French port, I went out to the camp to visit the chaplains, of whose presence there I had learned; there must have been ten or twelve in the group, but the main point - the purpose of this note is to inform you that I saw and chatted for a few minutes with Chaplain Robinson. I found him comfortably housed in a tent, together with a few other chaplains, in the camp to which all men reporting for over-seas service go for a few days before being assigned to various places. Chaplain Robinson looked very well indeed, and appeared to have enjoyed the trip over very much. He was still tall and his hair was still light! I remember observing his successful use of the collapsible wash-basin, for, just as I was leaving, Chaplain Robinson was enjoying a good face wash, preparatory to supper. I am sure it felt good to wash the dust off; that old port city, in the extreme north-west of France, was quite dry and dusty, although very comfortable as to temperature; indeed, it was quite cool.

It is a pleasure indeed to send to you for Chaplain Robinson the little curio, purchased in that city of debarkation.

I am sure that all will go well with Chaplain Robinson; both you and he have my sincere good wishes.

Very respectfully yours,



P.S.

Having packed the curio since writing this letter, I feel that I must add a word of defiance to anyone, anywhere, to compete with me in the "packing business". In your judgment please temper justice with mercy, remembering that the job was done on ship.

Respectfully,
T.J.M.

dearest girl

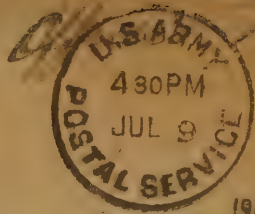
Tom Manton will send the little
cups. He is just leaving on his
work. I hope he writes also.

He will tell you how well I
am.

Love
17

Stewart

Chapman S. M.
Robinson, N. A.
A. L. S.



Mrs. Stewart M. Robinson

Beth, Delaware County

New York

U. S. A.



July 8th
Aug 7th Recd.



KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
WAR ACTIVITIES



July 8 1918

Dearest Girl of all -

I am ready for bed, sitting in my silk pajamas and bath robe and slippers from Abrocrombie & Fitch. I am writing on a little old oak table about 15 inches square and with two shelves made of cane seating like the furniture in Philadelphia. A great inlaid maple and mahogany dresser with beautifully wrought brass drawers holds my toilet articles. Over it is a big mirror in a gold frame. My bed is a little mahogany affair about the size of the one in Tessie's room. At the head and foot are solid panels with a column along the edge. A brass circle with the roll and a wonderfully chased brass capital crown these pillars. It has a glorious box spring. I have

spread my pretty rug beside it,
and my gorgeous comfortable
over the foot. My shoes and leggings
are laid in order at the foot. A clean
shirt washed by one of the village
women is on a chair. I am all set
for bed. The clock in the old church
has just struck 10.30. The owls
outside hoot sometimes which
only adds to the charm of it all.

I saw General Pershing this
afternoon drive into Headquarters
in his big limousine. I had
just passed through the gate
out of the area. The bugler on duty
blew attention and you should
have seen the guard jump into
place and come to attention. It
was at just about 2:30 I guess.

I rode into town last evening
in one of their same big Headquarters
cars with Bishop Brent to go
to my speaking engagement.



KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

WAR ACTIVITIES



Out of the place I heard _____ 191
a Presbyterian was the local ym
sec. so we were preaching for their
services. He graduated from
Princeton Sem in Arminian class
comes from North Carolina and
is named Moore. He was very glad
to see me.

I liked to speak to a bunch
of colored boys in one of the labor
battalions and I held a regular
old camp meeting. I got them
singing their old songs and
then some led in prayer. It
was a great thing, rather funny
in spots but I kept from
showing it in my face.

I enclose a photo that was

an extra made for the little
identification book each one has
to carry. I guess it does not flatter
me any. You will notice the Sam
Browne belt. But you know how
they take pictures in such cases
a map of your face being all that
is desired.

Before long I expect to see
Don, Pop, Len, and the other boys
who were at Dix. Being attached
to Division Headquarters I will
have more of a chance to get
around. The stay here at this
chateau has been delightful.
I am leasing my trunk here
with such things in it as I will
not need directly. The idea being
that this will constitute a kind
of headquarters where we can
come from time to time. I am
into Samy Livingston on the



KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

WAR ACTIVITIES



191

Ruedes Station today. He is here in the interpreters department. I remember him. Allen left today. Hope to see him again soon.

This room is exquisitely panelled. The floor is of parquet. Nothing would be more fine than for a group of two or three families of young people to come and rent a place like this for the summer. I don't believe it would be so very expensive either.

Tell Bimmy her lovely sweater is also a part of my furnishings, tonight. It is around my feet just now. There are quite a few mosquitoes flying around my lamp and biting me on the

side so I reckon I better blow
out the lamp and go to sleep.
I will be in 9 o'clock too.

Dearest friend I wish you were
here to enjoy all this with me.
I hope things will fall out so that
I can be coming back to you before
long. I guess every one here wishes
the war would end right now and
yet I think most all would not
go home until they felt it had
been finished up right. The clock
in the steeple strikes. I wonder how
many generations have heard it.
The church was there before Columbus
sailed for America.

Good night my precious friend
Love you
Stewart.

S. M. Robinson,
Chaplain, U. S. A.

Hdq. Reg. 78th Div., A. P. O. 755
A. E. F.

Officers letter

Mrs. Stewart Thacker, Robinson,
Delhi, Delaware Co.,
New York,
U. S. A.

July 10th,
Recd. Aug 5, 1918



TELEPHONE CENTRAL 05-03
TELEGRAPHIC: ADDRESS ROYAPAL

THE
AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION
IN EUROPE
8, RUE DE RICHELIEU
(ROYAL-PALACE-HOTEL)
PARIS (1^{er})

July 10 1918

Dearest Ones at Home,

This is a most convenient and delightful place to stop in. I have a wonderful room and bath for the remarkable sum of \$1.50 per diem. The meals are good, although there is no sugar. This morning I strolled around among names and places long familiar, but which did

not seem real because it seemed hardly possible that I am looking at the originals. This morning was like a piece of a Burton Holmes lecture. I was in Notre Dame, walked through the Louvre, which was not open for touring purposes, travelled along the Quais of the Seine. I came back along the Rue du Rivoli. Most every street had a familiar name and recalled history galore.

I have not yet seen Joel Hildebrand but intend to do so shortly. Friedman

will be quired and amused to learn
that our friend Elizabeth Baldorne is
not in town but at Aix les Bains for
the summer. I am sorry because I
was counting on her to show me
around and put up a good meal
or so. Allen Evans is present again.
Art Taber (whose home is next to the
Edmans in Princeton - the big queer
looking stone one) dropped in and
was delighted to find me. He has
the delightful job of being an air
orderly and guide. His work is to
ride all over France and to England
on errands. He is delighted. I am
glad he likes it.

Paul van Dyke has charge of
Princeton interests here. I had a
talk with him last evening. Jennie
Sykes is here but just now in with
the Baldornes at Aix. As usual I wish
you were here to enjoy everything.
It is not a very good time to see
the sights for they are most care-
fully tucked away under sand bags

TELEPHONE CENTRAL 05-03
TELEGRAPHIC: ADDRESS ROYALPAL

THE
AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION
IN EUROPE
8, RUE DE RICHELIEU
(ROYAL-PALACE-HOTEL)
PARIS (1^{er})

I am getting an idea of how things go so we can enjoy future trips more. I can wiggle through a conversation in French when I want something.

I am sorry that I have forgotten the name of that relative of yours who lives here. I would like to run across someone like that. But this has certainly been a great trip so far. It does

not seem possible that one month ago today I was with you all.

I will be expecting to get your letter shortly when I reach my organization. I hope you have been hearing fairly regularly. The French wine is too bitter. I returned a water, after about three small glasses of the stuff. Water, contrary to reputation seems to be plentiful and good. One rather small portion of champagne was also enough to find out what that was like so now I am back to coffee which

is good mostly except when there
is no sugar.

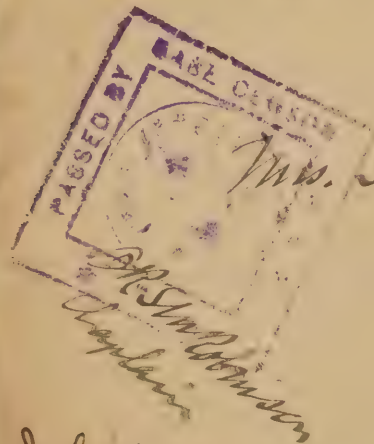
The meat is a bit tough, the war
bread is good tasting but also a bit
hard to chew. I looked this morning
for a pair of silk stockings for you
but not knowing what the word
was and not having my dictionary
I have postponed that until later
in the day.

Now I will fly around for a
while and then write you some
more.

Goodbye
Love you
Stewart

Mr. Robinson,
Captain Wg. Reg 18 Div
A. P. O. 755, A. E. F.

Office's letter



Mrs. Stewart Macbr. Robinson,
Delhi,
Delaware County,
New York,
U. S. A.

July 11 -
Rec'd. Aug. 7. 1918

TELEPHONE CENTRAL 05-03

TELEGRAPHIC: ADDRESS ROYAPAL

THE
AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION
IN EUROPE
8, RUE DE RICHELIEU
(ROYAL-PALACE-HOTEL)

PARIS (1^{er})

Mes cheries, - *Juliet 16eme 1918*

Another day of Burton Holmesing.
Among other things I looked all over
town for Joel Hildebrand, but
could not locate him. Don't
tell the Alexanders I was in Paris
and before I come again I will
have received a letter from him.
You see all my mail is waiting
for me at my station. It was
just one month ago today that
I left Delhi and I surely have
journeyed since then. It has

all been great and I know my
grandchildren will be crazy
about their old granddad when
he can tell them all sorts of
stories about the great war. But
it takes time for the rose of
romance to grow over the
rocks of actuality and I
woud a sight rather have
made this tour with you folks
along.

Fieldmouseface, you would
go crazy over this town. I would
go broke awesi! I never tire of
just looking in the shop
windows, I never saw such a
profusion of beautiful things.
Bronges, marble, jewelry,
works of the lapidary, bead chains.

curious wrought works of all metals, books
exquisitely bound & of classic calat^{re} (a
sore trial to me, I have not bought ^{but} ^{on} ^{any} ^{one})
photographs and etchings that almost
seem to hang on our own walls.

On the Rue de l'Opera I did find a
shop presided over by a red haired lady
who said she took up the lace business
recently after her husband went into the
army. She has as a helper a little English
girl or lady of in-betweenage. A shower came
up as I entered and they took occasion
to show me a lot of pretty things. I have
had a couple of little lace things sent
over to you two dear ladies. Dear Gus Fox
would not find any use for lace so I only
added love for him. Perhaps before long
I'll run across something that he will
like especially.

Last evening Allen, his brother, and
Sellen, who in I think Fieldmouseface met
me Sunday after church in Louisville, and
I went to the cinema. They had some
great pictures of the 4th of July parade
here. I expect before long they will be
released in the states, perhaps not very soon
for Delhi. Then there was one of the cutest
most attractive movie plays I ever saw.
It was bright with a lot of plot, had

TELEPHONE CENTRAL 05-03

TELEGRAPHIC: ADDRESS ROYAPAL

THE
AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION
IN EUROPE
8, RUE DE RICHELIEU
(ROYAL-PALACE-HOTEL)

PARIS (1^{er})

good actors and was all in all
an ideal thing. It was a comedy
and would make a great thing
for an amateur play. I can
remember the plot and sometimes
we'll get a bunch together and
do it.

This p.m. I found the Reframet
Church out here on Rue St. Honoré.
It is a beautiful place. I went in
and made myself known and
was warmly received. I want
to preach there someday. It is
my idea of a church. There are

special seat for the Counsellors
Presbytery of Wisconsin right
in front of the preacher. I should
greatly enjoy going there to a
Sunday service but I can't
stop this trip. I expect to
leave tonight for another little
jaunt. The destination is safe
and an interesting place. I hope
to describe its interesting features
anon.

I hunted up Sumner & Sons
St. George this morning and
subscribed to L'illustration for
Fieldwork for six months.
I hope I can renew it then
from home! They have a first
rate building that reminds me
a little bit of Curtis Pub. Co. one

very small scale. I stopped by the window where the press was running off a sheet with the picture of a column of our troops (presumably) marching around one of the Places here. I watched about a hundred get printed wondering if I was looking at one which you would see and handle.

Allen left this morning to go to his outfit. Now I am looking forward to seeing Ben, Pop, Jerry and some others maybe. Now I wish you had been able to get down to Dix a couple of times more so you would know a few. I should like to get settled with the 32th just because you had mess with them one evening. It seems funny to think of them all moved over here. It sure would be great to have Fieldmouseface here but I expect you are better off where you are. Maybe I can transferred back soon.

By the way, Brier Fox, the officer at the Paris branch of the Guaranty Trust of NYC said this when I suggested that you knew Mr. Charles Sabin. That if you would request him, he would doubtless be delighted to address his branch here to allow me to send cables to you such as 'love well' etc. They approve them as business messages. They are very strict about it but

TELEPHONE CENTRAL 05-03

TELEGRAPHIC: ADRESS ROYAPAL

THE
AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION
IN EUROPE
8, RUE DE RICHELIEU
(ROYAL-PALACE-HOTEL)

PARIS (1^{er})

The man here said that a word from
Robin ordering it in my case
would be sufficient. You would
keep the guaranty information of your
address and either of us would
pay the tax. The appended message
would be like this: (Some business
matter) then "Advice Robinson Stewart
well". You see that is only 4 words
or about 60 cent. worth. The guaranty
would then read you "Stewart well
Love" or something of the sort. We
could get one through quite often
and you would have a pleasant

message often that was right
but off the wire.

I cabled through the General
Bank 4th St. Nat. Bk. of Phila. about
my fund. There was no word of it
at bank here. All our pay checks
are on that bank also. Ever long
Ernest Macguyser ought to begin
to see his share coming along. I
deducted it from last month's
pay. It leaves me plenty. I believe
I know it does up to date, at
least I have plenty on hand. I
bought a cup for communion
and a piece of linen I expected.
I should have given a little more
attention to that before I left.
I believe it is the principal
service that I will hold. Over
here preaching is not so silent

as worship, then had rather pray and
take communion than hear sermons.

You are all very sweet folks and I
love you to death. You must all keep
cheerful and bright. It is a hard thing
to do but all things worth while and hard
and the end of a duty done is very happy
and we all agree that this experience will
be a great help to me. Indeed what I have
seen already is worth a great deal. Being
actually one here identifies you with the
work as nothing else does. The folks you
must here always remember meeting
you here. It is worth while to have seen
what everyone is writing and talking
about. If you can get me transferred back
I'll come flying. Always obey orders!

Keep the home fire burning and
burn the clouds inside out. That is a good
song. Loads of love

Stewart

For you my own dear sweet Stewart!

Love you

Stewart.

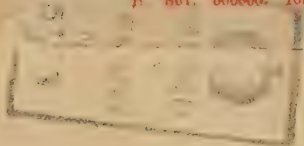
Chaplain S.M.
Robinson, Head-
quarters, 78th Div.
A.E.F. France.
via New York



E CENSOR.

861. 500000. 10/17.

cer's Letter.



Mrs. Stewart MacMaster Robinson,
Delhi, Delaware County,
New York,
U S A

*Dr. J. M. Robinson.
Chaplain.*

*No 3, July 14th 1918.
recd Aug. 2nd."*

July 14, 1918.

Dearest Fieldmouseface and Other dear Folks,

I am at last with my outfit. I am attached to Headquarters 78th Division A.E.F. My address is therefore,
 Chaplain Stewart M. Robinson,
 Headquarters 78th Div. U.S.A.
 A.E.F. France.

We are billeted around the town. My location is pretty fine. Being with divisional headquarters my parish consists of the Staff, viz., the Commanding General, et al., then the Headquarters Troop, a bunch of orderlies etc. There is also the Military Police, and the Field Signal Battalion which comes under my jurisdiction. It is as nice a place as there is. I am more or less of a free lance, and can do all kinds of things. The regiments are all taken care of by chaplains, but I can go in and help them upon occasion.

We mess in little groups in different houses. I am now with six of the staff officers. Colonel Bradley the Division Inspector, who by the way used to live next door to Uncle George down in San Antonio, and whose father knew Uncle G. very well. He has been very nice to me. Then there are two medical men, a Lt. Col. and Major, who eat with us. The Divisional Judge Advocate, Major and soon to be Lt. Col. who was the professor of law at Cornell, Bogert by name, and Major Davis of Moorestown N.J. the Div. Statistical Officer, a well to do lawyer, who decided he ought to do something for the cause. Then there is the Intelligence Officer, an ex-French teacher (teacher of French) at Univ. of Wisconsin, who is a 2nd Lt.

I am Chaplain. My rank is suppressed over here, although some still call me Lieutenant. I wear crosses on the shoulders and no bars at all. It is a great advantage. It is exemplified by this fact that I am asked to mess with such men as I have named and they do not feel that they are associating with a First Lieut. In short over here the Chaplain occupies a place of great respectability and consideration. The first morning I messed with some Lieutenants, but was asked right after breakfast to go to this new bunch. I sleep in the room with Major Davis. His orderly takes care of me. I shall probably be given one of my own anon. The way to get along is to do things slowly, and find out just where to go before you go. I have picked up a lot of tips by observation, and one of the best is to lay low until you have something to spring. I have run down a lot of entertaining talent around camp, among the British et al. and I am getting together a big entertainment to be pulled off on Divisional lawn. I have not asked officially about it, but have sounded good Col. Bradley who is a big fat jolly soul, and he tipped me how to proceed. Everybody has a lot of work to do, so we need the Commanding General's o.k. on it to give it proper prestige. I am on the way to get that when I have it framed up. But there I do not go to him but to Col. Cootes the chief of Staff. Then when that is pulled off and a great success, the C.G. (Commanding General) will be asking around who in the dickens this peppy chaplain is, and Stewie gets on the map.

Yesterday I wandered over some kilometres to where some of the rest of the division are camping, and found the chaplain, one King who is a Presbyterian from Ohio, Prince. Sen. '09. We went up on the ball field and whom should I find passing the ball around but Hector Cowan! He was glad to see me. I saw his dad in a Ford in Main Street the day I left Delhi. One Lee from Little Delaware was there. I met him. They are both brown, healthy and is first rate shape. This army life is not half so bad as our dear Mothers think it is. Later I ran across a 1918 Princ. Univ. who came up and introduced himself. He was drafted in March last. He had taken some of Sargent's lectures too! Pop Corey is within striking distance. The funniest was when I was just turning into my billet, a fine three story brick house, by the way, with gardens, and wonderful old furniture that Bunny and Fmf would adore, as I say, as I turned the corner, one of

those old London busses that they are using over here so much, (It looks just like the 5th Ave. kind) rolled around in front of me. I glanced up at it, and whom should I see but Don McChesney perched up on the corner of the upper deck as big as life. He stared and so did I, we yelled a few words, and the bus rolled away in a cloud of dust. He is located not more than a couple of miles from here, so I ought to get to him ere long. I would have followed him up last night, but I was busy arranging for my services to-day, which is Sunday. I had service this morning with the Signal Battalion and am to hold another in the school house this evening for the Headquarters troop.

While in Paris I was able to buy a beautiful chalice. I got it under the shadow of old St. Sulpice. It is perfectly plain, of silver and very beautiful indeed. It will make a fine thing to keep as a memento of the war. I will soon try to arrange a communion service. It is very pleasant here. Everybody so far has proved to be fine. They all agree that Headquarters needed a chaplain. It is rather fine to be able to be around with men so much older. I have not done anything yet about having services for them. It is better to move slowly. They are all right under my nose and they cannot get away.

The food is splendid. The lady who cooks for us makes some of the best coffee I ever had. There is plenty to eat and I do my share. I walked all yesterday afternoon and the result was hard on the grub at supper. Two of my mess mates are old army men, and altogether the conversation is very interesting. They are all men of experience and ability and much older than me. I keep pretty quiet, speak when spoken to, and contribute some little bit to the gaiety of nations when I see a good chance.

Perhaps before very much time has slipped along, I will be able to get transferred back to Camp Dix, to go in the new outfit they are framing up there. I think Ed. Harris is still there, and General Scott is there. It would be just the thing for those men to have a chaplain back from here to take some of them in hand along next winter sometime. The way to go about it to get General Scott to ask General Headquarters here in France through Bishop Brent the Chaplain in charge of all of us here for my return to Dix. That would necessitate getting next to Scott is some way or other. It would be fine for us, if I could get stationed at Dix along next winter when you all are down in Philadelphia. Thereafter I could stay in the training camp, the way many officers have done. This is perfectly in accord with custom, for in other lines men are all the time going back after a time here, to instruct and generally to keep their ball rolling.

I am glad in a way that General Scott stayed over there. Meanwhile I will try to make good over here so the Commanding General will not want to let me go, but will understand why I am wanted over home again. I hope it will be possible that way. Then Anne MacGregor can be all nicely settled in Dodo's room. That would be a beautiful room, newly papered and prettied up. We have quite a lot of stuff that could help decorate it. If I can on the way home, I will try to pick up some attractive prints and the like. They have such wonderful ones over here. I hope she gets Andy to fix up the desk in Delhi, if we can afford to do it. I like to think that she has all kinds of attractive things around her. Because wherever she is is HOME until we get settled in a house of our own again. I hope the lace gets to you all right. It was registered in due form and ought to come along in due course if the ship does not get a hole bored in her by a sub.

By the way, as each one in the A.E.F. is held responsible for all he writes in a letter, I expect you had better not have any of my letters put into the papers. I cannot see any reason for putting them in, but there might be something, that would strike you as worth while. Now I do not know that there are not items of interest that might not properly go in. But I guess the safest way is not to put anything in. Now that I am through flying around, I may have a chance to write a few other letters. I have several to whom I ought to write, but up to date I have not written to anyone save one to Reg, and one to Mason Olcott, both in answer to letters from them. Sometimes a couple of days go by when I have no time at all.

I have been surprised to learn that the Belgians are held in great suspicion over here. I never have been overly taken with them, nor very willing to admit that they were quite all the angels they have been painted by our idolatrous Americans. Old Vos at Princeton always averred that they were untrustworthy. Of course no generalization is correct in general, but certainly officers here have spoken of them as untrustworthy, and when a few have tried to get positions in Government work they have been turned down.

I rode some time in a train with three British officers. They were quite typical and very nice. Two were attached to Irish regiments, the other to some English outfit. They said that the British Government have made their plans already for DEMobilization, selected the depots for receiving arms etc. I do not know whether that is a sign of the ending of the war. Sometimes I think in spite of all that we say about what must be done before peace can come, that these unseen hands that move behind the curtain of hidden diplomacy will ring down the curtain even as they rang it up four years ago. You remember very many people were saying then that there never could be a war. They are about as near right as those who now say that the war cannot end UNTIL certain things are done. Nothing has to be done to end the war, but for a few German bankers to call up Bill and tell him his credit is gone, and to call in his playthings on the western front. This whole thing looks to me like a mechanical toy. Certain wires move certain objects. It is a good deal like that old thing "The Johnstown Flood" that used to work by a little steam engine behind the scenes. There does not seem to be much of that old fashioned dash about the armies of to-day. Perhaps the romance has always been painted onto the picture. The state of war is not so much an effort as a lapse. I think times come when war is the easiest way. It creates a certain situation which is not half unpleasant to many people. I have been struck over here with the matter-of-fact way the people take it. You never see service flags here. In one place where I was it was customary for the inhabitants to be banished from certain areas at stated times during artillery manoeuvres. The people took it as a matter of course. Everybody here had to serve his term in the army, and the fact that there happens to be a war only means a little longer under arms etc. By and by the powers that be will turn off the war and the people will go on with their practice wars again. To be sure, there is a bit more sentiment in it than that, but not a great deal. We from United States have been educated up to this war. We know why we are in it, and all about it. The British colonials know why they are in it, and it makes the British Islanders mad when they give their reason. The reason is not to save the British Empire but to vindicate the sacredness of treaties, and avenge Belgium etc. I think the British Empire will get jarred almost as badly as the German before we are all through. that has become obsolete.

I doubt some if they will run the thing through another winter. Most of the fun is gone out of the thing. War crosses, iron crosses, and all that junk is so plentiful now that most soldiers you meet look like Christmas trees. Sugar is scarce, the prohibitionists are getting in their innings and these old war lords will soon decide that the world is no longer worth living in. They really have the best time in peace days, but they need a

little war now and then, for press purposes. We have now enough Veterans to serve for the political campaigns for the next two generations. The Order of the A.E.F. has already been established. Once it is over, there will be the little service ribbon and medal. That will look nicely on my prince-albert when I go to swell receptions!! and to wear on the platform when I am nominated for Moderator of the Pres. Ch. U.S.A.

I do not have my meals in this house where I sleep, but the landlady here, has made the two majors and myself a fine pie-plant pie, which we are to consume at huit heure ce soir. There will be coffee, pie and the thim-bleful glasses of the vinegar misnamed wine. One of the boys told me yes-terday that he had written home saying that he would feel hurt when he re-turned unless his mother let him sleep in the cellar. Which reminds me that Butler Harris, brother unto Dorothy is sleeping in a stone barn up the line. He is in Hector Cowan's outfit. He will receive his commission some day. They did a funny thing, the better ones of that last Officers Camp were sent over here uncommissioned and attached to organizations, the lesser were left in the States in these new camps, and given their commissions. When I get back, if and we are in Delhi again, I will show what one of the little village Estaminets is like. That is the name for the little wine shop. I can give you a good idea, by suggesting that you go down cellar where the oil can stands on those horses, remove said can, and place in its place those tiny goblets, and a bottle of Gus Heckroth's poorest vinegar. Get some old cheese and import a dog or two. Open the outside doors so some light can get in, and imagine all that up on the level of the ground. You would need some very pretty little rush bottom chairs rather like the one or two in the parlor to complete the picture. The natives go there and sip this so-called wine very slowly and deliberately. I have not yet seen a drunken Frenchman. I must say I cannot hand them much on taste, but it does seem to be somewhat in keeping with them. They have cheese for breakfast. I fear me much Bunny Rabbitt would not enjoy it very much. The Omelette, like the beaten biscuit of Kentucky belongs on the coat of arms. They fry potatoes deliciously also. Pastry is scarce and ice cream never. Nice can-dies cannot be had, probably a local war condition. One of the British was returning from leave, and his wife that morning in London had given him some Toffee, of which he gave me a piece. It was fine.

I found the cutest little chess set in Paris. It is a real asset, and is so small that it can be carried camping or wherever else we go. The silk underwear and Pyjamas are the greatest things ever. I have not come within a mile of a flea or Cuty as they are called here, but I have never been so comfortable in my life. I feel sure I shall never be able to wear any other kind!!! I have had my suit pressed once on the boat and it still looks finely. I rather like it is military wear. The Sam Browne belt and the little...

on
too
sen
mon
a p

must cost a great deal. We must not be afraid
Helen.
Stewart.

S. M. Robinson
Chaplain Wg.
A. E. F., A. P. O.

A. F. W3312.

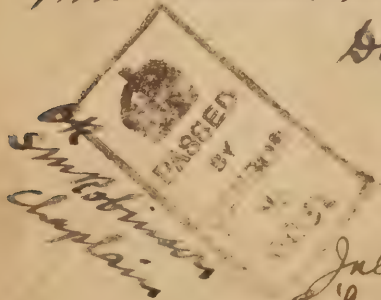
Letter



To
Mrs. Stewart M. Robinson.
Delhi,

Delaware County,
New York.

U. S. A.



July 16th
Recd. Aug 7th.

Dearest Folks at Home

The entertainment last evening went off in great shape. We had a band, boxing, wrestling, quartette. General McRea adjourned his dinner party and brought the British General over to see the show. Every body turned out. After it was over the general asked to see me and thanked me much and was very nice. That was my first introduction. Whim and it was under most pleasant circumstances.

I had a chance to get another sidelight on my impression around here yesterday afternoon when my roommate Major Davis left. His laundry was out and because his strokes was busy I rat it over, hunted up the place, jabbered French enough to get it. (This was not pure altruism because my own was there also) Any way

Dario was greatly pleased and remarked that already it was being said among the staff officers that I was a live wire and that the General had said as much also. I know you will be glad to hear that I am making good so far. Really everything just seemed to break just right. That unexpected conjunction of so-called good fortunes I prefer to attribute to the loving care of our Heavenly Father. Also the fact that I am sleeping on a feather spring between sheets, in an airy room, that my water is brought to me every morning, my bed made, my shoes polished, my laundry looked after, fruit sought and left on my bureau etc etc. I eat at a table with flowers on

4/ with fresh white napkins, meals of two and three courses. We have salads, fresh eggs, fine meats, sauces, occasionally a pie, wonderful coffee with sugar and cream.

Breakfast at eight a.m. The Colenels and Major and I sit until about 9 a.m. around the table talking. Lunch is at one and dinner at 7 p.m. The band comes almost every evening by my endeavors. My room faces the east and last night Vega, Capella, Job's Coffin were all up precisely as they are in Delhi. My room window faces the identical direction that the front windows of Cherry Hill face. The weather is very like Delhi weather, showers and rich foliage. At night the peepers sound the same. The little village here is a beauty. All

the roofs are tile and of a rich
reddish color. The houses are
mostly of mud plaster painted
clean white. There are several
thatched abodes. Inside they
have either a great fireplace
or a very wonderfully compact
stove which burns the tiniest
amount of coal and yet gives
great heat. Hanging on the wall
of Madame's kitchen downstairs
is a wonderful row of copper
kettles all sizes, yet all alike
and all brightly polished.

All this comfortable living comes
free of charge except the meals
which are \$1.30 per day. That
is a bit high but it is my only
expense. I expect I'm a little
candy too! I got a great big
canton of real Dundee
marmalade, more than what
is in those white crocks for

3) 2 francs 80 which is about fifty
~~can~~ cents or less. I believe the can
holds a quart. Such an incident
is a delight.

The roses here would delight
Bunny's heart. I saw a curving
trellis just like hers last night
in a garden just loaded with the
blooms of a big crimson Rambler.
Mr. Lencelot our landlord here
has a beautiful flower and
vegetable garden that reminds
me much of Grandpa's when
he used to take care of it. The
strawberries here are the sweetest
I ever tasted. They grew as large
as 2 inches in diameter without
getting pithy in the center just
juicy and red all through.
We had a lovely sunshine cake
the other night. Eggs are plentiful
and there are much housewifery
and many of the ... lots of
butter and the results are great.

This town is a bit smaller than
Bellevue, is in the midst of a rich
farming area a lot like Delaware
County. The horses and cattle are
fat and flourishing. I mention
again the fact that General Scott
is at Dix and what I would like
to do after a bit is to get transferred
back there to help get the new
men lined up. Having been here
I would be invaluable with a new
batch. The way for you to help is
to get in touch with Scott through
some influential friend, get him
to ask for my transfer, then
by another route get to Bishop
Bent here and ask for my
transfer. The A. R. F. is entirely
independent of the home folks
for the most part. I might not
start such an agitation yet
a while, nor frankly would I
want to leave right away.

4) but such a change should be worked out judiciously and along the right lines. Now these impossible Princeton ladies may be very desirable yet!!

But do not worry about me. I guess after having read my letters up to date, dear Bunny, you will have to grant that even war has its more agreeable side and that Stewie has been signally blessed. Surely we have had so many indications of Divine blessings that we ought not to be fearful. The whole thing has worked out most marvellously. My college and seminary work was completed and full credit received, a trip abroad is being offered at a time when Europe is more interesting than ever before. The incidents of the trip are all delightful. In fact conditions are ideal. In peace times it would have cost me hundreds of dollars. I have come this far whereas I am being paid

for every step of it. Now I will be able
to bring you Folks around there parts
on the next trip 31. in fine shape and
with great pleasure.

You are great Folks and I hope
you are getting as good stuff to eat
as I am. I fear me not if all
these food saving schemes are
being worked off on you. But you
understand that the main parts
of my diet are from our own U. S.
Quartermaster. Sugar is unknown,
among its civil population now, as
well as some other foods. So you
all are really providing our food.
The army is wonderfully provided
for over here. You can tie a tin can
to all the carping criticism you hear.

I must go off now and see
about a couple of things.

Lots of love,
Stewart

Fieldmouseface,
Gloria,
Stewart

Chaplain S. M.
Robinson, Wg. 18 Dis.
A. P. O. 755
A. E. F.
Frams

Officer's Letter



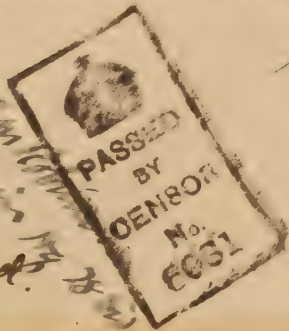
Mrs. Stuart Macmaster Robinson.

Delhi,

Delaware County,

New York,

U. S. A.



July 21.
Aug 7. Red.

July 16 1918

Dearest Sweetheart-Wife.

Last night we had a regular old Delaware County thunder storm. I guess they are the same all over the world. I saw the old men and women yesterday reaping their fields with the old fashioned cradle and binding the sheaves by hand with wisps of the grain. They glean every spear off the ground. There are not many fences and the paths through the standing grain are just as they were when our Master used to walk through the fields.

I was talking with some of the men in Headquarters here yesterday and found suddenly that one amongst them whom I was conversing had been your sec'y at Delhi when they first opened up the Sheldon building. That is the way it is over here all the time. Most every one I meet comes from somewhere where I have been, for I have lived almost all over the area from which this group was drawn. I met George Burr on the road yesterday afternoon riding a black horse. I was on the way to see Sam. He is some miles away and I'll have to get transported there and just now transportation is pretty scarce. I'll get there after a bit or he may be able to get over here although I don't suppose he has any idea why I appeared on the road when I am going. It must have been a big surprise for him.

I have managed my program for tonight much to the delight of every one. They think that I am pretty good to get along so rapidly. I am mighty glad for the few weeks at Camp Taylor. Yesterday the senior chaplain of the division drifted in to look me up and see who all I was. He has been at it and is senior in the sense that he is commissioned from the earliest date of all who are here. But the difference in what he had picked up and what I possessed was marked. He was not posted about the latest uniform regulations. Headquarters was a vague place to him. Before we had talked long he was my attentive listener.

I talked with the Chief of Staff and he was enthusiastic about my work. I think he will be a great help. The beauty about him is that when he says so, everybody goes. That is the secret of getting along in the army. Find the right man. There is no use racking up the wrong ones. But the right man is not always the high up personage. For instance about transportation. The way to get a ride over to the next town is not to get authority, but to annex the actual vehicle. So a corporal and sergeant whom I know fix me up best on that.

We get a London daily paper here each evening and am able to keep in touch with the war there. I guess without it we would be all

in the dark.

I saw a family of refugees in the next town. They had been walking. There was the mother and father, rather elderly people and their daughter who seemed penitently near 15 having a birthday in her family. She was tired and quite pitiful looking. They had stopped at the little inn. I expect Mary was tired like that when she reached Bethlehem on Christmas Eve. The more I see the more amazed I am at the way God does to save the world. A good many of the British came into my evening service last Sunday. We had a very fine little service. I spoke briefly about Ps 126:5 & 6. I have read that Psalm a lot, every night in fact for a couple of months I guess. There is a lot in it. The fact I dwell on now that while we easily connect sowing and reaping together it is not at first so clear why that parallel relationship of sowing and joy should be offered thereto. Because, further, we should rather expect to find the joy at the reaping season, and why should a sorrowful man have energy or faith enough to sow. The discouraged and unfortunate man would seem to be the man who would give up sowing out of discouragement. It is an odd verse but I got some helpful ideas from working on it.

This evening the Commanding General is entertaining the local British General. He is cutting short the sitting around after dinner in order to let the band come up to my entertainment and he and his guests are coming likewise. This is very nice of him, don't you think. I hope now that a shower does not come up. It is alternating cloudy and clear just now. I think on the whole I prefer writing with the pen to writing on the typewriter.

Major Davis just dropped in, packed up his stuff and beat it. So it goes in the army. Always on the move. I certainly will be glad to settle down when I get back to you. I guess I'll not step out of doors for some time.

I love you,
Stewart.

July 21, 1918.

Dearest Sweetheart and Folks at home,

Well who would have thought that I would be away off here in France on my birthday! It is a beautiful cool bright day with a rather high wind that reminds me of the camping days. I rode out in a motor car this morning and held a service with the Field Signal Battalion which is a portion of my congregation. We have moved from the delightful situation I wrote you of in my last letter. This is not quite such a palatial place. It is the fault of the place, there not being houses like the other towns had. We are still perfectly safe and sound. I am at home in a quaint little village farmer's house. My room is on the ground floor, has a floor of big red tiles, white plaster walls and brown woodwork. There is a good table and a couple of red bottom chairs. I have my cot and bedding roll and am very comfortable indeed. I have my rug beside the cot and have my feet on it now. It adds a great deal to my peace and comfort.

Last evening when should I see walking past me down the road but George Ingersoll. He is the little Italian who has the shoe shop next to Humphrey's drug store.

He is a sort of protégé of the Masons. She packed his lunch when he went to camp and she told me about him, but I had forgotten just where he was located. He was desperately pleased to see me. We talked a bit and then bright and early today he appeared back again. I was in the car on my way out to reach. He happened in to the Alliance Church here and was on hand when I returned. I brought him in to my billet and we talked about everything in Delhi. He had three pictures, one of himself, one of his brother standing on the corner of Main and Kingston streets in front of Jerbuckles Store, and one of Mason's house that Mrs. M. had packed in his lunch basket. He did have another formal picture of us brothers and himself. It did seem good and strange to see these pictures. Every nail and object was familiar. Even the little table sideways just where Saduch's feet with the peg stones in front of Holt's store and the cross-walk join. There was a mirror sign leaning against the pole there. Each chair on Mason's porch was familiar also. I remember the picture was made. They had a picture of

kitchen table, hung up on the front of the house.
 It makes me think, that I must have to have
 some snap shots of any thing back home. Might
 you rather insist in a vest-pocket or dog-eat-
 out-of-the-old-Germans and let them of each
 other, the place and any old thing you see.
 The army is a great place, every solitary soul
 wishes he was back in the U.S.A. Might not I
 say exactly that perhaps for there is no wish
 to go off and leave the job undone, but neither
 is there any attempt to conceal a genuine desire
 and preference for home sweet home. There is
 as much from the old regular officers as from
 the new men. You might expect that one would
 mention with bated breath and in fear of
 contradicting the wish that one was back, but
 you never need worry that. Everyone will
 agree with you from the top down. You get
 a hearty response whenever you say home or
 U.S.A. I think it is partly the foreign atmosphere
 of it all. Perhaps in England or Scotland one
 would feel differently, but these blooming
 Frenchmen are a peculiar breed of cats.
 These little villages are the wrong, the war.

go. or \$1.50 a dozen and anything else in
~~abundance~~ proportion. The French peasant must
at first contain his pen. It costs you feeling
of chills, a fit and chills that more pictures
hand are - stuff. I have these simple down
troubled oppressed folks for the most wonderful
butter eggs and separator cream at fabulous
prices for us poor ducks to buy. I am
wakened each morning by the cream
separator going in the next room. On Sunday
they churn butter. The fields are heavy with
grain, the horses all fat as butter and
everybody contented and prosperous. In
short the more I see the more I think we
Americans with our different ideas of things,
overestimated the emergency that was
caused a European people. It was all
right to help them out but even if Germany
and not France was the ruler here I can't
see where in the life of the people would be
different. All the religious culture they
get is from an old cure here in a tumble
down aged parish church. I have
distrusted it and for generations it

has been the writer's impression of the town. It was
 the purpose of a fashion and does produce
 some visible signs of piety but somehow the
 culture and civilization that grows up around it
 does not appeal to me a little bit. This little
 trap that many of us are making is making
 no-American out of every last one I think.
 The British are quite impossible as to their officers
 and the French just don't belong somehow.
 This world wide stuff is all right for your
 leaders (militarists) but my vision is perhaps
 unfortunately about as narrow as my own
 fireside just now.

I saw Sam again this week for a minute.
 I met him riding on their London business
 over here. He came sailing along says a few
 words and then rolls on away. I know where he
 is by our maps but transportation is too
 scarce to waste on social calls so thus far
 I have had to forego seeing him at length.
 It is all very interesting and not half bad.
 We are all hoping since the last allied
 offensive has begun that there will be an
 end soon. That feeling seems to me quite
 general. Maybe our wish is father to the

thought. We hear about the war about the time
you folks do at home I reckon.

Last night I found an old Saturday Even-
post and read it to a bunch of the boys here
in the military police. They enjoyed it very much.
It was June 22's edition. I read the story
about the air raids and I read an article on the
T-4000 war. War stories and articles sound
nicely over here. They don't carry nearly so
much conviction. I am still awaiting my
first letter from home. I am not at all concerned
because I can explain the delay by the fact
that I was only recently assigned and
that information has to be properly registered
and the mail sent on. Any day the letters
will very likely begin to come. The others
are only getting mail stamped June 25
so you see a week or so before that I had
not left and that length of time would
easily be needed to hunt me up and
get my mail started in my direction.

I have felt perfectly fine every day
I have been away. I can't get enough
to eat. There is plenty of it but I am

very hungry. I think this trip will help to keep me well all the rest of my life. I am out of doors all the time, have been warm and dry every hour. get plenty of comfortable sleep, do not have any thing to worry about, except lest you are worrying about me. That is a very enviable situation to be in. After a reasonable spell of this I want to get transferred back to six members in the U.S.A. I think they will probably do that more or less. It would be great in six and would seem pretty near home after being over here wouldn't it? But it would not have been complete unless I had come over on this side. Just think of the tremendous advantage it will give me.

There is a lot going on here that is very interesting. I know it will become more so as soon as I get away from it far enough to see it in perspective. I have not yet heard any word from the Paris bank about the sum of money that was to be put there for my use. They cabled to inquire. Perhaps something will come along at

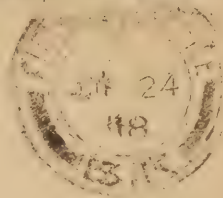
most any time now. [I have plenty of time or leisure]

I will not be content until I have brought
you round on the point and showed you
all the places that I have visited. Indeed
I have made quite a respectable tour of
the country. France is not so very large and
I have covered no small portion of it. Over
in the States it all seems like just one spot.
But here in France is by no means the same
as being at the first. This little village is
as peaceful as ever except for the fact that
our soldiers are billeted here. The nice old
folks whom I was last week in that me &
return and visit them after the war and
bring you with me, which I hope I may
be able to do. My text this morning was
Lk. 6:45.

You are the dearest folks alive. I enjoy
thinking of you all in Salem where it is so
pretty. I am hoping, praying and expecting
to be back with you as soon as ever I can
and that too not long hence.
Love you
Roadsday
Sweet.

Chaplain S. M.
Robinson 14g. 1st Div.
A. P. O. 755. A. L. F.
France

Officer's Letter.



Mrs. Stewart Macbr. Robinson.
Delhi,

Delaware County,

New York,

U. S. A.



July 23rd
Recd Aug 7.

July 23 1918

Dearest Sweetheart,

You very wonderful little girl. So we are really off on the most wonderful adventure of all! I am indeed very truly thankful and as happy as can be. This has been the rainiest day so far and just because it was so bad a day God sent me my first letters from home, one from you at Rock of June 24 and one from Forest Phila. June 20. Then, also but quite secondary Elsie Jane visited these Headquarters today and sang etc. So the bad day is the best of all. That is always the way God treats us. Could anything be more wonderful than the way things have fallen out for us and I do just believe that things will work a wonder in the Providence of God that I shall

be on hand when I am really wanted
for sure by you. Meanwhile I must try
to be just as useful as possible to our
cause.

It certainly did seem good to see
your writing and to learn that you
were all well and safe. It was a big
relief. Of course I know you all were,
but it has been over a month without
a word and it seems now as if the
distance had been halved just by
the coming of a letter. Now every
few days they ought to be coming along.
To actually hold a letter written by you,
even though some time ago brings
the past & future near together.

I went into the next town this
morning to do some shopping for our
mess. I have been caring for it for
the time being. I am delighted that
you are all fine and getting along.

2

in good shape. I am glad that everybody is
also happy. There cannot be too many happy
to please me. Now you must not worry
about me and make anybody nervous
as a result! I'll be careful. The only near
casualty I have seen was a lad who
tumbled off a train and lost a toe and
bumped his head. He was more mad
than hurt. He said he had been three
years on the Mexican border being shot
at and had come all the way over here
to get a crack at the German and
then to tumble off a train and get out
of commission. It was pretty funny. He
was quite banged up but nothing about
it will ever get him a wound stripe and
his disgust was very intense. I am not
hunting for any war crosses never fear.
I am very cozy here in my billet. It
is a quaint little old place. There
is the tallest old grandfather clock
in their living room and a beautiful

delicious buffet. There is a peculiarity of
this country, that although you will find
everything in a house of a very humble
sort yet there will be a few really
splendid pieces, some shining pewter
copper, probably stuff that has been
in the family for generations.

Major Allen was here yesterday but
unfortunately I did not see him. We met
him at Karamah's you remember. I
will keep on the watch for him. He is
right near by all the time. I have not
seen Pop Long yet. Met Butler, Harris
this a. m. & had walked over to see
Eli's family. He has his commission
now. My room mate here is a Rochester
boy named E. Patten Remington. He
lives out near Culver Road. He was in
Troop A. & knew the Washburn boys
and knew of John Parker and knew
him slightly. He was U. of C graduate
1915 and a Sch., lived opposite St. Mary's.

He knew you by reputation and was not sure but that he had met you. He is a 2nd Lt in the 11th Reg. Troop and a very nice boy. He is a member of Cherry's church the Central Pres. went to Madison Benacks. It was nice to run across him. We got here together by accident. That is the delight of this diversion I meet new friends or mutual friends about every day or so.

I am glad you were in Rochester a while. Is your mother delighted too? Of course she is. Did she get my card of safe arrival? Gee now I'll have to start in to find real fine bits of lace etc that can be sewed onto baby clothes? Well I guess I'll not be the only soldier interested in such trifling!! things.

I get a franc's worth of cream now every evening and eat cracker in it at bed time. You must and

#

see how fat I get. I look pretty good
now and feel even better.

There is lots to do and I try to
get ^{keep} busy. That is not hard. This
will put a great zest into my work
when I get home. It whets my
appetite and is giving me a fine
view of relative values and a knowledge
of things and of the A. C. F. that will
be of unlimited value hereafter. I am
initiated now and no returning soldier
can slip any thing over on me. I
will be among those who know.

I must away now - You are a
great sweetheart I am not sick
at all!! Wouldn't it be a mess if I
were, look nice for a soldier - They would
put me in the nurses corps!!

Love you

Stewart.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Chaplain S.M. Robinson,

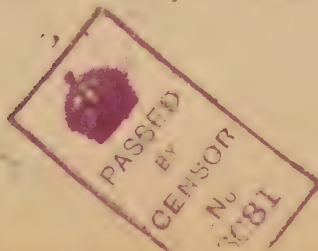
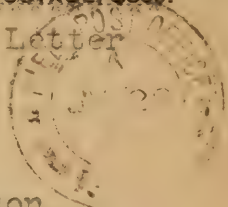
Hq. 78th Div. American E.F.

OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

Mrs. Stewart McMaster Robinson,
Delhi, Delaware County,
New York, U S A

**PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID
PAYMENT OF POSTAGE \$300.**

Officer's Letter



July 24, 18
Rec'd Aug 15, 18

July 24 1918

Dearest Sweetheart and Folks at Home,

Today was a bit more interesting than usual. The Chaplain General of the British Army in our region called on me and took me back to dine with him at the Army Headquarters. I ate with some British colonels et al at the famous old chateau of Ranchicourt. It was most wonderful place. We did not mess in the building, but in a most attractive little temporary structure. The meal was buffet. They had the best cold ham, tongue, roast, grated cheese, lettuce - big stirring glasses for either whisky & soda or lemonade & soda. I took the latter which was delicious. After the meal there was port & coffee of which again I took the latter. There is going to be a big church parade on Aug 4 for Thanksgiving, intercession and for a memorial to the dead. Representatives from the whole army will be there. [By "army" I do not mean the whole British army or allied army but the unit called "army" which represents perhaps 100,000 men or more.] I am asked to stand on the platform with the high monkey much as the American chaplain. Some English bishop is to preach perhaps it is the Bishop of London. Chaplain Selkirkham called him only "the Bishop". This ought to be very nice for Stuart. Maybe you will see some picture of the occasion.

After dinner I met the Comte de Ranchicourt
he was out in the estate looking at the place where
these domes are. He and he came along clad in a suit
of home spun suit with old leggings and wearing one
of those blue velvet hats that are soft like a tam o' shanter
and hang over one ear. He is short spare with a
reddish complexion. Col. Glyn, a typical old British
officer took him in hand. Glyn spoke French like a
native. That is a great thing about these European
men of consequence. They are at home anywhere.
I think I want to be that way. Glyn knew everybody
in Paris the Mayor, the Mayor and all. He told me where
I could get a motor machine etc. Robespierre the
great French Radical once came to Ranchicourt
and there is a mark on the door that he made.
The count's grandfather was taken to a guillotine
but Robespierre himself was
killed about then and all bets were off. This
clateau is a wonder. The grounds are enormous
and from the front there is the most beautiful
vista I almost ever saw with a towered church
far in the distance. The trees are great and big.
There is a painting that reminds me of it. I
will show it to you some day.

Deveraux Milburn the great polo player
is General McCrea's chief aide. He asked me
to go horse back riding with him today and we
went for 2 miles!! Think of Stearns in that
sort of horse back company. We went to look

at a base ball field ostensibly. They are all
treating me just fine. I hope things will work
around so I can be senior chaplain in the
division. It is a matter of appointments then,
I could sort of steer the others and help get
our division into a greater state of efficiency.
Being at headquarters I am the logical
man. Another cut in a regiment is now and
the stunt now is to gingerly uproot him.
I am going to try to do it by becoming
indispensable and the man to whom all
turn when they want anything, then a
word to the general and away it goes.
He sent for me again to get up another
all star entertainment for him. He is
entertaining the corps staff next Monday
evening. He offered to send me to Paris in
a car to get a movie machine. I believe one
might as well try to get in the best circles
as not, but such a life sometimes gets one
not fast company. I felt so a bit when I
embarked on this ride with Milburn. Think
of Stewie riding in such company. I was
thankful for every moment of that riding at
Taylor. I went first rate. Riding on these

beautiful roads ~~are~~ fine but there is an almost continuous stream of motor dispatch riders, ammunition & supply lorries moving along with a speeding general's car now and then. It is a great life!

The mother-in-law of the Comte de Ranchicourt owns the chateau where our headquarters is but this is not nearly so splendid a place although it is not half bad at that. Remington and I eat crackers and cream and play chess now evenings. He beats me most of the time.

I brought this letter up to my office to finish it. I have a fine little table of rough boards on tressles, where my typewriter rests, and my file. My locker trunk has become my equipment case, it has a lot of chocolate, baseball stuff and communion set etc. I have gathered up some hymn books. You will excuse me if I use this red ink. My ribbon is getting worn out, and I am trying to save the black. I never use the red part for most of my writing. I hope ere long to get a new ribbon. I went to a neighboring town this morning to shop for the mess. I found some delicious tomatoes, real red ripe ones, some lettuce, and I bought some sausage of a French type to give my mess tomorrow morning for breakfast.

Everything is as cozy as can be. We got a beautiful can of Keiler's Dundee Strawberry jam last night. It is part of our ration, and cost nothing. Remington and I stand in with the mess sargeant. So we had jam, crackers and cream for supper. I have four meals per day. Breakfast at eight fifteen a.m. lunch at one p.m. dinner at six thirty p.m. and supper at about ten p.m. This makes a very nice day's run. Our little mess gets about a quart and a half of cream a day, which is for coffee and cereal. A fair sample menu for a day, would be oatmeal, cream and sugar, coffee with cream and sugar, bacon eggs, and bread and butter as breakfast, at noon there is meat and a vegetable, bread and butter, at night about the same. Coffee with cream and sugar always. Then our little private feast later in the evening. So Stewie ought to be getting fatter as the days go by. I think I am gaining. There is variety and interest in the work which is not hard. The time passes very swiftly. I think I will be sent down to Paris next Tuesday on some errands.

Another letter came from Anne MacGregor yesterday. I am so happy that she is o.k. and getting along. And she wrote that Fox said that Bunny was just wonderful, and not worrying over much. That is fine too, for there is no use in doing that. I should think you would all be envious of me, being over here where there is so much doing and having is nicer than even the most pampered tourist could have it.

Roads of love - I love you Stewart



FORMS OF PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING TO ALMIGHTY GOD

To be used on

Sunday, the Fourth of August, 1918,

The Fourth Anniversary of the Declaration of War

Being the Day Appointed for Intercession on behalf
of the Nation and Empire and our Allies in this
time of War.

ISSUED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE ARCHBISHOPS
OF CANTERBURY AND YORK.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE

LONDON : 6, St. Martin's Place, W.C.2.

NOTE.—Any of the Forms of Prayer, or other Special Prayers, already issued by authority, may be used at the discretion of the Minister, instead of or in addition to the Prayers that follow.

I

THE ORDER OF HOLY COMMUNION.

¶ In the Order of Holy Communion these Collects shall be used, after the Collect of the Day, with the Epistle and Gospel as followeth :

O GOD, the ruler of all kings and peoples, whose chastisement is our healing and whose pity is our salvation : Extend thy compassion at this hour to all mankind, that peace may be restored according to thy will, and may be used for our amendment to the honour of thy Name ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O MERCIFUL God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life ; in whom whosoever believeth shall live, though he die ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in him, shall not die eternally : We bless thy holy Name for thy servants, our brothers and sisters, who have laid down their lives for their country ; humbly beseeching thee to grant that we with them may be found worthy to enter into thine everlasting joy ; through the merits of thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

The Epistle. Hebrews xii. 1.

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith ; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

The Gospel. St. Luke ix. 23.

He said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it : but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it. For what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, or be cast away ? For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels.

II

AT MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER.

Special Psalms : One or more of the Psalms following :

God reigneth. Psalms xx., cxlvi.

God our refuge. Psalms xxv., xxvii., xli., xc.

God comforteth. Psalms xxlii., xxxiv.

God helpeth. Psalms xlii., lxxi., xci.

Special Lessons :

Morning :

First Lesson, Isaiah lv. 6 to the end.

Second Lesson, Colossians iii. 1 to 11 inclusive.

Evening :

First Lesson, 1 Kings viii. 54 to 61 inclusive.

Second Lesson, 1 St. Peter v. 6 to 11 inclusive.

or Revelation xxi. 1 to 5 inclusive.

III

A BIDDING TO PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING.

WHICH MAY BE SAID AFTER THE THIRD COLLECT IN THE ORDER FOR MORNING OR EVENING PRAYER, OR IN THE PULPIT BEFORE OR IN PLACE OF THE SERMON.

BRETHREN, on this fourth anniversary of the declaration of war, let us draw near to the throne of God in penitence and humility ; let us pray him to deliver us from the temptations that beset us and, if it be his will, to grant us victory and peace ; let us implore his help for all those who are engaged at home or abroad in carrying on the war ; and let us thank him for mercies already vouchsafed to us.

Let us pray.

O God the Father of heaven:

Have mercy upon us.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world:

Have mercy upon us.

O God the Holy Ghost:

Have mercy upon us.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity:

Have mercy upon us.

Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers ; neither take thou vengeance of our sins : spare us, good Lord, spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.

Spare us, good Lord.

From all pride and vainglory ; from unjust judgment and self-sufficiency ; from the spirit of revenge, and all uncharitableness,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From fornication and drunkenness ; from godlessness of thought ; and from reliance upon the arm of the flesh,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From ignorance, and lightness of mind ; from foolish talk and baseless rumour,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From cowardice and faintheartedness ; from loss of faith and failure of endurance ; from weariness in prayer, and doubt of thy love and wisdom,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all sedition, treachery, and rebellion ; from discord and suspicion at home,

Good Lord, deliver us.

We sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God ; and that it may please thee, in this time of sorrow and trial, to guide thy holy Church universal in the right way ;

We beseech thee to hear us.

We pray thee

For our sovereign Lord King GEORGE, that he may in all things obey thy holy will, and ever seek thy honour and glory ;

We beseech thee to hear us.

For all who bear office under the King, that they may minister wisely and faithfully in the tasks entrusted to them ;

We beseech thee to hear us.

For all the peoples of our Empire, that being drawn together by the bond of sacrifice they may ever be united in service to thee and to mankind ;

We beseech thee to hear us.

For the rulers of the nations allied with us, that through their counsels, we may all work together for the fulfilment of our common purpose ;

We beseech thee to hear us.

For the ministers of thy Word and Sacraments, now serving with the Forces of the King, that in all their work for thee they may be filled with wisdom, courage and love ;

We beseech thee to hear us.

For those who fight by land or sea or in the air, that they may be bold and steady in danger, patient in reverse, and merciful in victory ;

We beseech thee to hear us.

For those at home who labour for the supply of food and of munitions of war, that they may serve cheerfully and faithfully in the country's need ;

We beseech thee to hear us.

For the wounded and the sick, that it may please thee to comfort them and relieve their pain, and to shew thyself in mercy to the dying;

We beseech thee to hear us.

For the prisoners of war, that it may please thee to sustain them in trial, suffering and temptation, and to bring them back to their homes in safety;

We beseech thee to hear us.

For all those, by land or sea, at home or abroad, who die in the service of their country, that it may please thee to take them to thyself and to comfort all who are desolate or in sorrow ;

We beseech thee to hear us.

For our enemies, that it may please thee to forgive them, and to turn their hearts;

We beseech thee to hear us.

That it may please thee to grant unto us, if it be thy will, speedy victory, and a righteous and abiding peace;

We beseech thee to hear us.

Let us give thanks unto Almighty God for his mercies.

For the spirit of sacrifice and devotion, in which our people have maintained the war;

We thank thee, O God.

For the zeal of the nations of the Empire in the common cause;

We thank thee, O God.

For the harmony between ourselves and our Allies;

We thank thee, O God.

For the powerful and timely aid of the United States of America;

We thank thee, O God.

For the success already granted to our arms;

We thank thee, O God.

For the bravery of our sailors and soldiers and airmen ; for the skill and devotion of physicians, surgeons, and nurses ; for the blessing bestowed upon the ministry of the chaplains;

We thank thee, O God.

For the steadfast endurance of all who have given their labour for their country's service;

We thank thee, O God.

For the memory and example of all who have been faithful unto death;

We thank thee, O God.

For the desire which has been quickened within us for the coming of the Kingdom of righteousness and peace among men;

We thank thee, O God.

Let us gather up these our prayers and thanksgivings in the words which our Saviour Christ hath taught us, and say—

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name.
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is
in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive
us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation ; But deliver us from evil.
Amen.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and
the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore.
Amen.

*NOTE.—With the foregoing may be used, at the discretion of the Minister, one or
more of the Prayers in Part IV.*

IV PRAYERS.

TO BE USED AFTER THE THIRD COLLECT IN THE ORDER OF MORNING
OR EVENING PRAYER, OR AT SUCH OTHER TIMES AS THE
MINISTER IN HIS DISCRETION SHALL JUDGE CONVENIENT.

For the King, and all who are set in authority under him.

ALmighty God, the fountain of all goodness, we humbly
beseech thee to bless our Sovereign Lord, King GEORGE, the
Parliaments in all the dominions of the King, and all who
are set in authority under him ; that they may order all things in
wisdom, righteousness, and peace, to the honour of thy holy Name,
and the good of thy Church and people ; through Jesus Christ
our Lord. *Amen.*

For the British Empire.

OLORD God of our fathers, who in thy goodness hast led this
people hitherto by wondrous ways : who makest the nations
to praise thee, and knittest them together in the bonds of
peace ; we beseech thee to pour thine abundant blessing on the
Dominions over which thou hast called thy servant GEORGE
to be King. Grant that all, of whatever race or colour or tongue,
may, in prosperity and peace, be united in the bond of brother-
hood, and in the one fellowship of the Faith, so that we may
be found a people acceptable unto thee ; through Jesus Christ
our Lord. *Amen.*

For Victory.

ALmighty God, who rulest all things by thy power, we beseech
thee to grant that our warfare may be crowned with swift
and final victory, and that, laying aside the sins which
hinder the coming of thy Kingdom, the nations of the world may
serve thee in freedom and in peace ; through Jesus Christ our
Lord. *Amen.*

For Sailors, Soldiers, and Airmen.

O LORD God of Hosts, stretch forth, we pray thee, thine almighty arm to strengthen and protect the sailors and soldiers of the King in every peril, of sea and land and air ; give them victory in the day of battle, and in the time of peace keep them safe from all evil ; endue them with loyalty and courage ; and grant that in all things they may serve as seeing thee who art invisible ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For the Royal Air Force.

O LORD our Governor, who hast given unto men dominion over earth and air and sea ; we beseech thee to look upon thy servants who are called to serve their country in the air : give them courage, a steady nerve, and a ready mind ; be with them in all times of sudden peril : and make them to know thy power to save them to the uttermost from all evil, whether in life or death ; through Jesus Christ thy Son our Lord. *Amen.*

For Men under Training.

ALMIGHTY God, Who knowest and rulest the hearts of men, look mercifully upon those who are now being trained for war : give them the spirit of discipline and loyalty, and strengthen them with thy grace, that, withstanding all temptations that beset them, they may show themselves worthy defenders of the cause of their country, and true followers of Jesus Christ, for the sake of the same, Thy Son our Lord. *Amen.*

For absent Friends.

O GOD, who art present to thy faithful people in every place, mercifully hear our prayers for those we love who are now parted from us : watch over them, we beseech thee, and protect them in all anxiety, danger and temptation ; and teach us and them to feel and know that thou art always near and that we are one in thee for ever ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For the Sick and Wounded.

HAVE mercy, we beseech thee, upon the sick and wounded : relieve their pain, comfort and cheer them in weariness and depression ; if it be thy will, give them health again : and make thyself known to them as their present Friend and Saviour, whether they live or die ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For Prisoners of War.

O MERCIFUL Father, look with thy tender compassion upon all prisoners of war : supply all their needs, and hasten the time of their release : let thy love protect them and thy presence cheer them, that day by day in weariness and hardship they may have strength to endure patiently, and may find peace in thee ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For the Harvest.

ALMIGHTY God, who by thy dear Son hast bidden us to ask of thee our daily bread ; Prosper the labour of the men and women working in our fields, and grant us such favourable weather that we may in due time gather in the fruits of the earth ; protect the sailors who bring us food from distant lands ; and give us grace day by day to deny ourselves and to remember the needs of others ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For Peace.

ALMIGHTY God, from whom all thoughts of truth and peace proceed ; kindle, we pray thee, in the hearts of all men the true love of peace, and guide with thy pure and peaceable wisdom those who take counsel for the nations of the earth : that in tranquility thy Kingdom may go forward, till the earth be filled with the knowledge of thy love ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

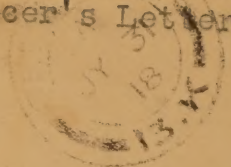
WAR DEPARTMENT

Chaplain S.M. Robinson,
Hq. 78th Div. American E.F.

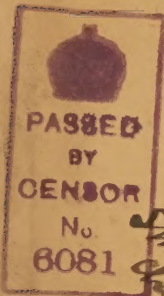
OFFICIAL BUSINESS

**PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID
PAYMENT OF POSTAGE, \$300.**

Officer's Letter



Mrs. Stewart MacMaster Robinson,
Delhi, Delaware County,
New York, U S A



*For
Mr Robinson
Chaplain
78th Div.*

*July 20
Aug 24*

July 30, 1918.

Dearest Folks at Home, Fieldmouseface, Bunny, Brer Fox.-

This is a beautiful day. The war news is good. Last night I put on another entertainment for General McRea, who was having the corps commander. At the close before the crowd left he called for me and presented me to General Read. It was most as bad as a court presentation. All the acts went off well. I got young Bob Fitzsimmons to come over. He is in one of the regiments. A neighboring chaplain sent over another act. I am keeping busy doing all kinds of things. One of my Sunday services is with a bunch some distance away and I have to go in a car. The other service is here. It takes time to get one thing after another under way. I find that the senior chaplain does not have to be the actual senior in either age, length of service, but he may be any one designated by the divisional commander or his agent. I hope I can land that. It will not interfere with my work and will add a bit to my usefulness in the division as a whole. But here again it has to be pushed along slowly. There is this Lutheran chaplain who has been acting as senior although his name was never officially sent in, and when the Chaplains' Hq. asked this division to name some one, the whole matter came up and we may get ourselves put across. I guess I am like Brer Fox in being down buzzing around getting something, although I guess I am more selfish about it for this getting is for myself. However, it will be a very good thing for the service if I do get it. I am quite sure of that!

Everything is as peaceful and quiet as a Delhi farm here. Eggs are high in price (for us) but very fine, and Remington and I have fine thick cream every night about nine thirty or ten. The cows and horses are fat, the crops are wonderful. I have almost never seen such fields of standing grain. They are getting it in now. There has been a lot of fine dusty rain that has made things hop. On Sunday I am to go over to the big anniversary service at Army Headquarters. Three letters came in yesterday from you, one from each one. I was so happy to get the one from dear Bunny. She is the greatest little lady that ever was 'cept Fieldmouseface, who is not in the same generation, and so comparisons are not possible. Bunny must do as much to get fat and keep well as I am doing. All of us must be able to look fairer and fatter of flesh when we get together again, otherwise it would not seem that our mutual vacation! had done us any good. It was hard for you all at first because you did not know what I was up against, but now that you know I am o.k. you ought to rest easy. I received the cablegram for my birthday. It was lovely. It was on Sunday and I went ahead with things as usual and did not mention it to anyone. I was not homesick to speak of. I have not been hardly at all. That does not mean that I am not always thinking about you and figuring on some good fortune that will take me back to you, but there is no time to be homesick in and besides there are so many in the same boat that the chaplain being homesick would be almost criminal neglect of his job. It was funny, a letter came from Fieldmouseface from Rochester dated June nineteenth, and that evening I picked up some clippings from a paper on our table and found they were out of the Rochester morning paper for June eighteenth! Remington's mother had sent it to him, being mostly about the commencement at U. of R. where he graduated in 1915.

Just now the wedding announcement of Merton Moore was handed me. I spotted him after a moment. He lived in Potsdam and we used to have a store in the summer time. I think our most successful store ended in a fight when we came to sever our partnership relation. Also friend Perry Allen wrote to say that my insurance was in force. I am glad the Quartermaster at Washington responded so promptly about the allotment. I will try to add to that whatever is possible from the balance that I get here. We are getting commutation of quarters now, and the ten percent. increase for overseas service, all of which is good coin. I still have a couple of Delhi banknotes which seem very funny to have away over here. I have never

had them exchanged deeming it wise to keep them as an emergency fund, for they are easier to carry in this form, and then I will have to have some change to buy my ticket for Delhi or Philadelphia with. Wouldn't it be great to be coming home now. Do you suppose Brother Kittredge would ask me to preach a war sermon for him? My experiences up to date would be about as thrilling as a trip to Merideth Square in a thunder storm is to the average Delhman. I fear a whole lot of these war experiences are bunk. It is true, however, that a lot of things you see and think little of sound romantic once you start in to describe them. That is mostly because your hearers are all set to be edified. I have read a few articles in old Saturday Evening Posts over here and of course they were all about the war. Why don't you folks at home get interested in something else? I know how the Tommy felt now who returned from Blighty glad to get back, for he said there in England the folks were talking about nothing save the war, and he had hoped to forget it for a while when he was there. Well these articles are not nearly so exciting when read here. In the States we have had so many articles, pictures movies and otherwise, books lectures etc. that the average citizen has had more excitement and felt more thrills than the average soldier. This was true of our soldiers. In the camps they were so flooded with descriptions of how it was going to be, that I venture to say most of them have been disappointed so far in finding things very dull and very quiet. Of course, there is fighting going on here in the country. We read about it every day in our little bulletins, which contain just what Humpie pastes up on the window, only I reckon you see them before we do. For example I just read the official German statement of July 29 2:45 p.m. this is at 11:00 a.m. July 30. That official wireless reached the states at about 10:00 a.m. July 29th your time. If all went well the Oneonta Star ought to have had it by early afternoon and Humpie by suppertime last night. So you read this news after supper last evening which I read this morning not long before dinner, and I have seen it some time before the rest of the staff, because my office is in with the Division Signal Officer and our Radio picks it up. But although it was picked up yesterday afternoon it had to be translated and worked up, before it was typewritten. So normally I hear news just a little after you do although I am much nearer to the doings than you are.

All your letters are great. I am very happy that you are all related to me. Fieldmouseface is a nice sort of a little person. I would like to see her now. I wonder if the laces have come to you dear ladies. I thought Bunny's little neck thing was very cute. The other piece I understood could be made into a waist. The ladies tried to get me to buy a waist that they had made, one of those Paris affairs that Fieldmouseface loves to look at in the shops of Fifth Avenue. Maybe the next time I am there I will get one. They were not expensive in terms of their price in New York. I think the nicest hand made individual models were only ten to fifteen dollars. Was it real lace that I seen? They told me it was with French embroidery in the center, Irish lace I think they said. It looked pretty but I am not positive it was that they said, although they seemed to be very nice and honest folks. Now I should like to find some lovely light laces and other stuff that Fieldmouseface would enjoy sewing on. I may go down to Paris ere long and I'll know more what I want.

It is almost dinner time now. The times flies along here in a great shape. It is nearly August. I feel wonderfully. My frame seems to be getting better every day. One does not get an overplus of baths, but I think I am due one shortly. They get out a divisional order on the subject. Clothes are cheap here. I think I shall bring back some nice cloth for a suit, and surely a new uniform, if there is a chance of my continuing on in a camp over home way. Then I will want to have a uniform for I will probably always be a chaplain in some National Guard outfit of the like. I am glad to have had this little taste of soldier life. It will give me a stand in with the men folks, and make me enjoy that sort of thing more. Camping will be a joy now. I hope I can bring all my stuff home with me.

Loads of love, I love you,

Stewart